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THE CURSE OF COLDENGAME.

(Concluded from Page 52.)

"SOME one has stabbed him," said John Bloodmore; "and the weapon has been a comical one—but crooked though it was, a straight piece of steel could scarce have been more handy." "That's no sword wound," said old Guthram, who had been a soldier in his youth;—" no sword ever wrote its deeds in characters so crooked as that—it is a wound, nevertheless, and a deadly one. Who will heir the broad lands of Coldengame now?" "If it is not a sword-wound," said young Lackland, the poacher, "it is as little the wound of a ball—powder never gives lead the leisure to make such curious work. I wonder how how it has been done—it's a pretty secret. It's some o'er-sea fashion that's done with little din. I'll warrant, shot and steel will go out of vogue, like Robin Hood's arrows." "Lead and steel!" said Harry Haselton; "any one may see its the work of a more ethereal hand than what deals with such weapons. It's the death-stroke of some evil spirit. Does it look like the deed of blade or bullet? Look at that face of horror—these eyes starting in terror from their sockets—these hands clenched and convulsed—and that wound which refuses to open and bleed. It's the angry spirit of his father—t's clear that no mortal could do the deed so deftly." "Aye, aye," and more mourners than one, "no doubt—no doubt— he was of a greedy and a sinful race—heaven has taken him into his own hand, and sent a spirit to smite him on his own threshold." "It is the work of heaven, indeed," said Mr. Horegrove, the clergyman; "and let the wicked be warned. With what weapon hath God smitten him?—with the weapon of wrath—the word of fire. It was no evil shape that—the storm came—it was the spirit of the tempest blew, and the fire came, and it smote the clay, and the clay fell. The heathen hath said, what lightning strikes is a thing accursed—I will not say with the heathen, since the lightning smites the green trees and the barren rocks; but I accept it as a sign of anger and sore displeasure—and all who hear me would do well to humble themselves in secret, and confess their sins to God and seek for forgiveness."

"Forgiveness?" said an old woman, a domestic of the house of Neyland, who stood at the door of the chamber, and heard imperfectly what the divine said; "would ye forgive the hand that slew the last hope of my master's house? Ye call him griping, and hard-hearted; but had ye nursed him on your knees, as I have done—had ye carried him out of a dead mother's bosom, and dandled him, as these two hands have in the sunny air—ye would feel as I feel, and pity an old woman's wail. Hold away and let me look on him—the only one that never had aught but an open hand, and a warm heart, to me." And she stooped over the body, and shook her head sorrowfully, and dropt a tear or two.

The story of the death of Elias Neyland flew over the land with something like a supernatural speed; and every mile that it went, some wild and wonderful embellishment was added. In those times the old beliefs of the district were in active force—the minds of men had not been sobered down to doubt all, and believe

nothing—the evil spirit of political writing was not then unchained and let loose among the multitude; and the fear of punishment in another world, for crimes wrought in this, was still the whip to hold men in order, which the poet has imagined. The tragic close of the line of Neyland was dramatised by the active imaginations of the peasantry. One had seen strange lights—a second had heard strange noises—and a third had seen a shape so wild and questionable, that he had no doubt the spirit of old Neyland, invoked by the powers of Ruth Rushbrook, had come back to earth to punish a disobedient son.

Several of the ruling names of the district—the Chiltons, the Peytons, the Malets, the Winthorps, and Gurdons, were there along with Mr. Horegrove, the divine, when an old man came pressing forward, with the sweat of fear, as well as of haste, on his brow; he looked on the body, and said, "Who doubts that a supernatural hand was here? I myself have seen a sight which will be ever before me, were I to live these threescore years and seven." "Old man," said the divine, "remember that you stand before a body on which the hand of God hath this evening been, and that your words are for the ears of devout men; speak, therefore, advisedly—we seek for truth—we wish not to find romance." "Romance!" said the old man, "what's that? But if it be aught of a man's invention, then I tell ye that truth is wilder than the wildest romance—truth, and truth only, shall I tell you.

"Look at this child;" and he held up an infant, which he had folded up very carefully in a long mantle; "this is my only grand-child; and wonder not that I love it. The child grew weak, and began to fade away, and I wrapt it up as you see, and came to pass it through a cloven ash at Coldengame, as my fathers have done before me, when something evil had breathed upon their babes. I singled out a fair tree—a stripling ash—I cleft it with my own hands—and having blessed my babe, first I passed it eastward, with a prayer—then I brought it westward, with another prayer—and each time that I slipt it through, it laughed, and leaped for joy. So I tied up the young tree again with a careful hand—for as the wood grows together, so will my child recover. And I stood and blessed the tree, as the old story bade us—and looked upon it, that I might know it again. The church clock had warned twelve, when an owl flew by, and a bat followed—and a cloud came over the moon, and thick rain fell, and the wind was loosed, and thunder was heard, and fire from heaven ran along the ground. I trembled for my babe. But that was nought. What think ye I saw? Nay, I am not sure that I saw it, either—and yet how such a vision should come into my brain, unless it passed before me. I know not. Suppose that I saw it, Then you may suppose me half way from Coldengame to the church yard—and that, as I stood with my babe in my arms, I saw a fearful light running upon the grass. And then I saw the shapes or shadows of men coming—they were shadows if shadows can be without bodies, and they came all muttering, and muttering, and muttering—making a noise—like the twitter of wild geese when they hear a distant sound. I may not, dare not name them—for there I saw all the evil doers of the district—some dead many years, and some dead, as it were, but yesterday, and they went sweeping away towards Coldengame—and who d'ye think was the hindmost? who but old Ned Neyland himself.—Why the wickedest spirit should be last, let the divines tell ye—but there he was—much the same griping and deceitful look that he had when living. Had there been justice among the damned, he would have been at the head of them. I followed with my child—for why should I fear these babes of darkness? and then I heard the cry that young Coldengame was killed on his

own threshold. And now ye know as much as I do." And when he had done speaking, he departed.

This wild tale was poured into no unbelieving ears. One rustic urged the divine to sally forth into the path where these shadows of perdition had passed, and subdue, and lay them, and hinder them from troubling men more. "An open Bible," said he, "and a drawn sword, with the cross of Christ and the word of God on the blade, with a clever tongue and a clear conscience, will subdue the wildest fiend that ever howled. Was not the spirit of Dan Bloodmore laid by one of the monks of Thorington? and on the spot sprung a thorn, which blossoms every Christmas. Those who disbelieve will find the bush at Parham."

When all present had exhausted their conjectures, and the superstitious impulse was beginning to abate, they removed the body into a little chamber, with a window which opened upon the lawn; and returning to the wine, circulated the cup with a grave and a silent rapidity. The storm had for some time flown by, the moon had resumed her reign, and you might have seen the rooks plaining their drenched wings on the pine-trees for a mile round. All the marvellous stories of the dead and the wicked which the district contained were told with many a comment—it was still two hours from the morning light. "There was wild Tom Grimstone," said one, "you know Tom—(Why this wine grows better) he was passing through Dowsley church-yard, when his foot took an old skull, and Tom tumbled (This is what I call right stuff). So he turned round, and gave it a blow with his foot. 'I would come and sup with ye to night for all that has passed,' said Tom to the skull, 'if ye had the grace to ask me.' Now at midnight—(Another cup of wine, Gilsington, for I tell this story badly)—At midnight a voice came crying, 'Come sup with me.' And Tom's grandsome rose from her knees, and said, 'What voice is that?'—and the voice answered, 'Ah! had it not been for thy prayers, Tom Grimstone should have supped with me in hell.' It's a true story—I have heard it a hundred times."

Ere he had done speaking, a voice, to which two or three were instantly joined, cried, "In heaven's name come here! Elias is up and gone, body as well as soul." All rushed into the chamber—it was floating with blood, but no body was to be found. "An evil spirit has entered the body, and walked away with it into the bottomless pit," said one.—"It is the hand of heaven," said a second. "The hand of the fiend, rather," said a third. "He has gone forth at the window," said a fourth, leaping into the lawn; "and here's his blood staining all the grass—like the blood of a wounded deer." "I have lost the trace now," cried a fifth; he has sunk into the earth—here the blood is scarce cooled on the grass." "And here he lies," cried a sixth, "on this small narrow ridge—and half-a-dozen cows are running snuffing and marvelling round him; he's cold and stiff." "And there's a carved stone under him," said a seventh; "his blood has run freely over it—the curse of Coldengame's fulfilling." "It is fulfilling indeed," said an old pious man, whose white hairs had not been abroad in the night damp for fifteen years. "Here stood the landmark of Ruth Rushbrook; and here have I seen her kneeling crying for heaven's vengeance on the spoiler of the widow and the fatherless. We buried the father yesterday, and here lies his only son tonight—his life's blood marking the boundary, and staining the stone landmark, which in a fatal hour he removed. Let us carry this youth home, and when we see an evil deed done, and him that did it flourishing, let us think on the name of Neyland, and on the curse of Coldengame."

In the course of this wild story the current of the narrative has been allowed to meander according to all the varieties of popular belief. In telling

a tale which is old and mysterious, and perhaps can never be unravelled—it is best to relate all the various versions and comments in the order in which they come: it forms a curious history of traditional belief, and affords an opportunity to a reader desirous of signalizing his own sagacity of coming to a conclusion satisfactory at least to himself. I have not ventured any opinion of my own—I wish not to be wiser than other men—such a distinction would be exceedingly painful; and I am quite willing to believe with all the varying traditions in the dairy district of Suffolk. Once indeed, in my youthful and undiscerning days, I had the hardihood to endeavour to draw aside the supernatural veil which belief had extended over the catastrophe of the house of Neyland—it was looked upon as an insult to the county, and I lost many a choice and wonderful legend—for the flowing founts of ancient stories instantly dried up—and I lost an annual present of two noble cheeses, which the rich pastures of Coldengame produced. When I had written thus far, I submitted my narrative to a worthy old pastoral proprietor of Suffolk, who was pleased to commend the spirit in which I had united all the circumstances and opinions together. The landmark he assured me, is still pointed out by the peasantry, stained with blood—no one presumes to touch it—for the spirits of the two Neylands are *laid* below it—and they would be let loose again on earth, were it removed. He had the charity to assure me, that he thought good old feelings and beliefs, and salutary terrors of evil, and dread of the invisible world, would be cherished and strengthened by the publication of this legend—and he bade me hope that the proprietors of the butter and cheese portion of Suffolk would reward my desire to signalize their country by a mark of their respect worthy of my merit, and of their own unrivalled pastoral productions.

NALLA.

AN ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

Oh! gentle Sleep!
Leave not thy lover now,
But thy fair tresses steep
Where Lethe's streamlets flow,
And lave my burning brow!

Oh! faithless maid!
To fly when grief appears,
And the languid form is laid
On a couch bedew'd with tears!

Alas! in happier hours,
When Peace, thy bridal-maid,
Wooed thee to the secret shade,
Where a gorgeous screen was twined,
O'er a couch of summer-flowers—
Thou wert not so unkind!

Farewell, thou faithless maid!
Yet not a long farewell,
For swiftly speeds the coming night,
When Death, with unresisted might,
Shall bring thee to the silent cell,
Where a broken heart is laid!

HISTORY OF MODERN WINE.

(Concluded from Page 57.)

The third chapter treats of "the wines of Spain," many of which our author admits are distinguished by high flavour, aroma, strength, and durability; but from the mismanagement of the fermentation, the red wines in particular are dull and heavy on the palate; and, except in dry white wines and certain species of sweet wines, none of the Spanish wines "will bear comparison with the more delicate growths of France." The most perfect are the produce of Xeres, although the Spaniard himself gives the preference to those of Malaga, Alicant, and Fuencaral. The Spanish wines, also, when not exported, are stored in skins smeared with pitch, which gives them "a peculiar, disagreeable taste, called the *olor de bota*," and renders them more liable to become muddy. Subterraneous wine-cellars are ever unknown; it is not surprising, therefore, as Dr. Henderson remarks, "that the common Spanish wines should fall so far short

of the excellence that might be anticipated from the favourable circumstances under which they are grown."

The principal vineyards at Xeres de la Frontera are in the hands of British and French settlers; and to these the great improvement, of late years, in the manufacture of Sherry is not unfairly attributed. In making this wine, red and white grapes are used indiscriminately, and dried to a certain extent before they are pressed. The fermentation is allowed to be continued from October till the middle of December, before it is racked from the lees; and that intended for exportation receives the brandy, "which seldom exceeds three or four gallons to the butt." The nutty flavour, so highly prized in this country, is produced by infusing bitter almonds in the wine. Our author thinks that the quantity, forty thousand butts, stated by Mr. Jacobs as the produce of the vineyards round Xeres, is exaggerated, as, in 1789, it was twelve thousand butts only, of which between six and seven thousand were exported. The Paxarete, so called from an ancient monastery, five miles from Xeres; the Tintilla, or Tinto di Rota, a red Andalusian wine; and Malaga, are the only other wines of Spain worthy of notice. Majorca and Minorca likewise produce wines; but, with the exception of a white wine, named Alba Flor, grown at Banalbusa, and which approaches in flavour to Sauterne, they are not much prized.

In the fourth chapter, which investigates the history of "the Wines of Portugal," our author points out the disadvantages which have resulted from the monopoly established by the Alto Douro Company. Many of our readers may not be aware that by a treaty entered into between Great Britain and Portugal, usually called the Methuen treaty, the inhabitants of this country are in some measure forced to drink Port wine, from the advantages given to Portugal in her wine trade with England over every other nation, on the sole condition that she will take our woollens in return. This being the case, we could not reasonably expect that so much care would be taken to supply the market with the best wine, as if there had been a fair competition with other countries exporting wine; but it would scarcely be conjectured that the Portuguese government would sanction the establishment of a company, by which such a monopoly might be established as would effectually destroy the wine trade of Portugal, if circumstances ever turned up to annul the Methuen treaty. On this subject, Dr. Henderson has given his readers much information; and, as the treaty has been frequently infringed by the Portuguese, we trust that Ministers already feel the necessity of placing the wine trade with that country on such a footing as will, at least, admit into competition with the wines of Portugal those of other countries in the English market.

Our author combats the custom, which was unknown before the year 1715, of mingling brandy with wines, under the supposition that this is essential for their preservation. It was the extent to which this admixture and the other adulterations of Portugal wines were carried, that gave any colour of necessity for the establishment of the Alto Douro Company, in 1756. The regulations which were then enacted were certainly calculated "to suppress the pernicious practices that had been resorted to in the culture of the vineyards and the management of the wines;" but, as Dr. Henderson justly remarks, they might have been "with more safety and propriety entrusted to the municipalities of the district, as in the case in France and other wine countries." The Douro Company was no sooner firmly invested with the authority delegated to it, than "it grossly betrayed its trust," and exhibited all "the odious features of a monopoly." We regret that our limits do not permit us to extract the whole of the arguments ad

duced by our author to prove the ruinous consequences of the establishment; but the following passage shows how much its privileges have interfered with the trade of Oporto and the manufacture of Port wines. Speaking of the clause in the charter, which enables the Company to fix the *maximum* price for the wines of the district, Dr. Henderson remarks—

"This clause in the charter betrays too clearly the character of the institution; and proves that, notwithstanding all the specious pretexts with which it was attempted to veil the design, the substantial and primary object of the Company was the advancement of its own trade. In fact, the direct and inevitable tendency of such a power must be to prevent the agriculturist from exercising freely his industry, and to render his labours subservient to the interests and policy of the association. It was not its wish to procure the finest wines which the different vineyards could furnish, but, on the contrary, to obtain the greatest quantity of that standard which was best suited for exportation. If on favourable soils, and in propitious seasons, any superior wines were produced, it did not accord with the views of the Company that these wines should be sent to its customers in their original purity; as it was more advantageous to conceal the existence of them, and to use them for mixing with the inferior sorts. The cultivator, therefore, of such fortunate growths not being remunerated for his greater outlay, or for the superior skill and industry which he might have displayed in the management of his vineyard, could have no inducement to continue his exertions, but would henceforth content himself with raising, at the least possible expense, the greatest possible quantity of a middling quality, or such as he could most readily dispose of under the name of export wines. In this way the finer products of the Douro vintages have remained in a great measure unknown to us; and port wine has come to be considered as a single liquor, if I may use the expression, of nearly uniform flavour and strength,—varying, it is true, to a certain extent in quality, but still approaching to a definite standard, and admitting of few degrees of excellence. The manipulations, the admixtures, and, in one word, the adulterations to which the best wines of the Cima do Douro are subjected, have much the same effect as if all the growths of Burgundy were to be mingled in one immense vat, and sent into the world as the only true Burgundy wine: the delicious produce of Romanée, Chambertin, and the Clos-Vougeot, would disappear; and in their place we should find nothing better than a second-rate Beaune or Macon wine."

During the authority of Cortez, some attempts were made to destroy this monopoly; and the merchants of Oporto had proposed a plan of reform, which tended to abrogate all the privileges of the Company, and to reduce it to a simple mercantile association. The short-sighted policy, however, of the farmers of the Douro, and other circumstances, prevented this desirable reform; and all that could be effected was the abolition of the more obnoxious privileges of the Company. But for the influence of this Company on the interests of the district over which it was appointed to preside, the wines of Portugal would have vied with some of the best of the French growths; instead of which the greater part of the port wine, which is now brought direct to this country, is the juice of a variety of grapes, both white and red, pressed together along with the stalks, carelessly fermented, and mixed with brandy; and when there is a deficiency of black grapes, even coloured with elder-berries.

Besides the Douro, other districts in Portugal supply wine. The growths of Alenquer, Torres Vedras, Lamego, and Moncezon, furnish wines resembling the second growths of the Bordelais. The Colares Port, which

is grown near Cintra, is the only one which has found its way to this country. Bucellas, Setuval, and Carcavellos, are the best of the Portuguese white wines. "The common Portuguese wines," our author remarks, "are in general inferior to those of Spain." In the history "of the Wines of Germany and Hungary," which occupies the fifth chapter, Dr. Henderson states that vineyards were not established on the Moselle; and proves that the banks of the Rhine were not planted with vines till towards the reign of Charlemagne. From that period the agriculture of Germany has continued to improve, and the vine is freely cultivated even as far as the fifty-second degree of northern latitude. A small district, called the Rhinegau, near Mentz, in particular the vineyards of Johannisbergh, Steinbergh, and Grafenberg, yield the choicest vintages on the banks of the Rhine. The wines of the Rhine, we are informed, "are drier than the French white wines, and are characterised by a delicate flavour and aroma, called in the country *gäre*, which is quite peculiar to them, and of which it would therefore be vain to attempt the description."

Although they are in general acidulous, yet they are extremely durable, a property which Dr. Henderson ascribes to "the large proportion of free tartaric acid which they contain." The hock, or, properly speaking, hochemer, is a Mayn wine. In the Austrian states, "the wines are almost all of inferior quality, being sharp, and oftentimes entirely acid. With the exception of the tokay, and the growths of Tarczal and Mad, the wines of Hungary are not much esteemed. The tokay essence, which is a vinous syrup rather than a wine, is merely the juice which exudes from the half dried grapes by the pressure of their own weight, when collected into a cask to be trodden. It nevertheless keeps well, and is esteemed according to its age.

If the industry of man has overcome the disadvantages of climate in Germany, in the production of wine, his indolence and carelessness have almost rendered abortive the rich gifts which Nature has lavished upon Italy for perfecting the growth of the vine. In vain we look for the Falernum, the Cæcubum, or the Rhœticum: they have disappeared from the soil, and live only in song. Tuscany is the sole district of Italy which yields good wines; and of these the Montepulciano, a luscious red wine, is the choicest, and is called by Redi, the king of all wine.

The papal states yield no wines, except those of Albano, Montefiascone, and Orvieto, which deserve to be mentioned. The Lacrima Christi is a red luscious wine of the Neapolitan territory, "better known (says Dr. Henderson) by name than in reality, as it is made but in small quantity, and chiefly reserved for the royal cellars." The best "is that of Monte Somma and Galitte; but many of the second-rate wines made in the vicinity, as those of Pozzuolo, Ischia, Nola, Ottajano, Novella, and Torre del Greco, take the name of *lacrima*, and pass in commerce for the first growth." This information is rather calculated to check the conceit of many of our countrymen, who pride themselves on having a few bottles of the *genuine tears* in their cellars. The wines of Sicily do not rank higher than those of the shores of Latium.

Nature has done almost as much for Greece as for Italy, as far as regards the climate and soil of her islands fitted for the growth of the vine; but the tyranny which has so long chained down the ancient spirit of her sons, has also destroyed the character and value of her wines. Still, however, "the best Greek wines," which are of the luscious sweet class—particularly those of "Cyprus and Tenos, the red muscadine of Tenedos, and the white muscadine of Smyrna, vie with the richest Hungarian wines." Several other wines of tolerable quality are made in some of the islands.

and in Zante, "a wine is made from the Corinth grape, which is said to approach to Tokay. Except in some parts of Macedonia, the wines produced on the continent of Greece are little better than vinegar.

There are not wanting fine situations, however, even on the continent of this oppressed country highly favourable for the growth of the vine; and, if the Greeks succeed in throwing off the bondage of the Divan, we have no doubt that the industry, intelligence, and spirit, which have only been dormant in their bosoms, will again awaken to exertion, and do ample justice to the productions of that abode of ancient wisdom.

CAPTAIN COCHRANE'S PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY THROUGH RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

This is certainly a most extraordinary book. Or perhaps we should rather say, that the writer is a most extraordinary person. From the gulf of Finland to the Peninsula of Kamtchatka, a longitudinal extent of 134°, was but half his peregrination. He set out from Dieppe, in the year of our Lord 1820, and arrived at Ostrovnoi, a village in the most northern part of Siberia, about 26° from the north-east coast of America, before the end of the eleventh month, having thus performed a tour of nearly half the terrene globe!

Except as a biographical curiosity, however, the narrative can scarcely be considered either profitable or amusing to the reader. Those who are very inquisitive, or those who look with an eye of science towards farther discoveries in the yet partially known regions of the north, those also who are at the head of governments, (especially the Autograph of the regions themselves,) might peruse this volume, and derive from it some instruction; but to the general reader, from the uniformity of its details, and their insignificance, it would after a few pages become tedious and oppressive. This, we are aware, is more chargeable upon the scene itself, which is little else than a boundless tract of invariable desolation, without any peculiar phenomena to characterise it, than to the writer; but however good an excuse this may be it is certainly no recommendation. The table of contents alone is enough to frighten a common reader from the contents themselves; it is made up wholly of the names of places,—such a hideous catalogue of unpronounceable words, as we never saw brought together before in a given space, except on the map itself.

The whole interest of the volume centres in Captain Cochrane individually,—the hardships he suffered, the privations he endured, the obstacles he overcame, the dangers he escaped. Of some of these, the following passages afford good illustrations.

"On the 9th day I started for Zashiversk, distant forty miles, the first twenty of which was by a rising path, until I reached the greatest elevation of a lofty mountain, with some peril and more difficulty. The scene reminded me of my journey across the sand-hills at the Vera Cruz, with this difference only, that the gale, generally attending both, obscures in the one instance the atmosphere with sand, and in the other with snow; in both no traces of a path can long exist if there be any wind. The snow lay from four to six feet deep, and our situation was at one time extremely dangerous, being completely ignorant which way to turn; not the smallest vestige of verdure was to be seen, and, except a few crosses (another resemblance to Vera Cruz), which were sure to receive the offering of the Yakuti, consisting of horse-hair drawn from the tail or mane of horses, in token of their gratitude for safe arrival at the summit, nothing was visible. I left this desert of snow, and rapidly descended the north-east side of the hills, enjoying the magnificent winter scene which gradually opens to view. I soon reached the banks of the Choubukalah, and the more considerable Galamma, and then, along a well-wooded valley, gained the rapid Indigirka just at the point where the latter

fall into it; not long after which I entered the town of Zashiversk.

Of all the places I have ever seen, bearing the name of city or town, this is the most dreary and desolate; my blood froze within me as I beheld and approached the place. All that I have seen in passing rocky or snowy sierras or passes in Spain, in traversing the wastes of Canada, or in crossing the mountains in North America or the Pyrennees, or the Alps, cannot be compared with the desolation of the scene around me! The first considerable halting-place from Yakutsk, the half-way house, is nine hundred or one thousand miles removed from a civilized place. Such a spot gives name to a commissariat, and contains seven habitations of the most miserable kind, inhabited severally by two clergyman, each separate, a non-commissioned officer, and a second in command; a post-master, a merchant, and an old widow. I have during my service in the navy, and during a period when seamen were scarce, seen a merchant-ship with sixteen guns, and only fifteen men; but I never before saw a town with only seven inhabitants.

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Fish is fine and most abundant, and constitutes almost the only support of the *numerous* inhabitants. There is not a blade of grass near the place, and no horses are kept nearer than thirty miles, so that there is no little difficulty in bringing the hay which maintains a couple of cows. The planner or proposer of this scite for a town might deserve punishment, but certainly less than that of being made its perpetual commander. I remained three days, living in a state of luxury, to which I had, of late, been a stranger. Hares, wolves, bears, wild rein-deer, and elks, which abound here, were my ordinary food; foxes, which were also in great plenty, are here used for food. Bear and wolf-meat I found good when very hungry; rein-deer I found a delicate diet; but elk I think surpasses every thing I have tasted, having all the nutriment of beef, with all the delicate flavour of the rein-deer.

In order to understand what our author means by the "luxury" of bear and wolf-meat, it is necessary to be informed that *horse flesh* was a common edible with him and the demi-savages his escort. But it would be erroneous to suppose from this that our author is insensible to the pleasures of good eating; nay, he, sometimes indulges a style of panegyric upon this subject, which might fairly indict him as an Epicurean:—"Spite of our prejudices, (says he) there is nothing to be compared with the melting of raw fish in the mouth; oysters, clotted cream, or the finest jelly in the world, is nothing to it. I myself have finished a whole fish, which in its frozen state might have weighed two or three pounds, and with *black biscuit*, and a glass of rye brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a better meal." We suspect these luxuries would have wanted much of their gratefulness, had they not been served up in a medium, proverbial for its effect in rendering the most unsavory viands palatable, to wit—the sauce of hunger. Marrow, warm from the fore-feet of a rein-deer, is also enlarged upon by our traveller, as one of the greatest delicacies in nature; and *stone-butter* (an earthy substance called by the Russians Kamenoye Maslo) is another dainty in his Siberian bill of fare. Indeed the inhabitants of the country where such kickshaws are fashionable, appear to be *bon vivants* of no ordinary description; we much question, if the giant of hasty pudding celebrity, might compete with a native Yacut or Tongouse in powers of deglutition.

"At Tabalsk I had a pretty good specimen of the appetite of a child, whose age (as I understood from the steersman who spoke some Englishand less French) did not exceed five years. I had observed the child crawling on the floor, and scraping up with its thumb the tallow-grease which fell from a lighted candle, and I inquired in surprise whether it proceeded from hunger or liking the fat. I was told from neither, but simply from the habit in both Yacuti and Tongousi, of eating whenever there is food, and never permitting any thing that can be eaten to be lost. I gave the child a candle made of the most impure

tallow,—a second,—and third,—and all were devoured with avidity. The steersman then gave him several pounds of sour frozen butter, this also he immediately devoured; lastly, a large piece of yellow soap,—it went the same road. But as I was now convinced that the child would continue to gorge as long as it could receive any thing, I begged my companion to desist.

As to the statement of what a man can or will eat, either as to quality or quantity, I am afraid it would be quite incredible; in fact, there is nothing in the way of fish or meat, from whatever animal, however putrid or unwholesome, but they will devour with impunity, and the quantity only varies from what they have, to what they can get. I have repeatedly seen a Yokut or a Tongouse devour forty pounds of meat in a day. The effect is very observable upon them, for from thin and meagre looking men, they will become perfectly pot-bellied. Their stomachs must be differently formed to our's, or it would be impossible for them to drink off at a draught, as they really do, their tea and soup scalding hot (so hot, at least, that an European would have difficulty in even sipping at it), without the least inconvenience. I have seen three of these gluttons consume a rein deer at one meal; nor are they nice as to the choice of parts; nothing being lost, not even the contents of the bowels, which, with the aid of fat and blood, are converted into black-puddings.

For an instance, in confirmation of this, no doubt extraordinary statement, I shall refer to the voyages of the Russian admiral, Saritchiff. "No sooner," he says, "had they stopped to rest or spend the night, than they had their kettle on the fire, which they never left till they pursued their journey, spending the intervals for rest in eating, and in consequence of no sleep, were drowsy all the next day." The admiral also says, "That such extraordinary voracity was never attended with any ill effects, although they made a practice of devouring at one meal what would have killed any other person. The labourers," the admiral says, "had an allowance of four pouds, or one hundred and forty-four English pounds of fat, and seventy two pounds of rye-flour, yet in a fortnight they complained of having nothing to eat." Notwithstanding the fact, the Yakuts said that one of them was accustomed to consume at home, in the space of a day, or twenty-four hours, the hind quarter *of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportional quantity of melted butter for his drink.* The appearance of the man not justifying the assertion, the admiral had a mind to try his gormandizing powers, and for that purpose he had a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds, and although the glutton had *already breakfasted*, yet did he sit down to it with great eagerness, and consumed the whole without stirring from the spot; and, except that his stomach betrayed more than an ordinary fullness, he betrayed no sign of molestation or injury, but would have been ready to renew his gluttony the following day." So much for the admiral, on the truth of whose account I place perfect reliance.

LOVE.

(From "the Improvisatrice.")

I LOVED him as young Genius loves,
When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thought burns with the light
The love, the light, by passion given.
I loved him, too, as woman loves—
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn:
Into had no evil destiny
That, with him, I could not have borne!
I had been nurst in palaces;
Yet earth had not a spot so dear,
That I should not have thought a home
To Paradise, had he been near!
How sweet it would have been to dwell
Apart from all, in some green dell
Of sunny beauty, leaves and flowers;
And nestling birds to sing the hours
Our home, beneath some chestnut shade,
But of the woven branches made;
Our vesper hymn, the low lone wail
The rose heats from the nightingale;
And waked at morning by the call
Of music from a waterfall.
But not alone in dreams like this,
Breathed in the very hope of bliss,
I loved—my love had been the same
In hushed despair, in open shame.
I would have rather been a slave,
In tears, in bondage, by his side,
Than shared in all it wanting in my

This world had power to give beside!
My heart was withered,—and my heart
Had ever been the world to me;
And love had been the first fond dream,
Whose life was in reality.
I had sprung from my solitude
Like a young bird upon the wing
To meet the arrow; so I met
My poisoned shaft of suffering.
And as that bird, with drooping crest
And broken wing, will seek his nest,
But seek in vain; so vain I sought
My pleasant home of song and thought.
There was one spell upon my brain,
Upon my pencil, on my strain:
But one face to my colours came;
My chords replied but to one name—
I owned not to myself I loved,
No word of love fortune breathed;
But I lived in a magic ring,
Of every pleasant flower wreathed.
A brighter blue was on the sky,
A sweeter breath in music's sigh;
The orange shrubs all seemed to bear
Fruit more rich, and leaves more fair.
There was a glory on the moon,
A beauty in the crescent moon,
A dulling stillness in the night,
A feeling in the pale starlight.
There was a charmed note on the wind,
A spell in poetry's deep store—
Heart-uttered words, passionate thoughts,
Which I had never marked before.
Twas as my heart's full happiness
Poured over all its own excess.

GESTA ROMANORUM.

Translated from the Latin. By C. Swan.

The endeavour to ascertain the origin of the various fictions, mythologies, romances, &c. of antiquity, appears to us something like building a bridge over the Hellespont. Many ingenious theories have been erected on every possible basis, and as many demolished. The conclusion of all seems to us to be, that their source is neither entirely Grecian, Oriental, nor Scandinavian: the ingenuity which gave rise to them among one people, would equally gave rise to them among another, and in the intercourse of different countries would of course blend their different traditions. But whenesoever arrived, the present is a very curious collection: most of the plays, poems, and novels of the elder poets originated in these *gesta*: and geography, chronology, mythology, and christianity are mang'ed in the oddest way together. The monks used to quote them in their sermons, giving to the feats of Alexander and anecdotes of the Cæsars a religious interpretation. But one or two of these stories will be the best illustration of their style.

OF CONCORD.

Two physicians once resided in a city, who were admirably skilled in medicine; insomuch, that all the sick who took their prescriptions were healed: and it thence became a question with the inhabitants, which of them was the best. After a while, a dispute arose between them upon this point. Said one, 'My friend, why should discord or envy or anger separate us; let us make the trial, and whosoever is inferior in skill shall serve the other.' 'But how,' replied his friend, 'is this to be brought about?' The first physician answered, 'Hear me. I will pluck out your eyes, without doing you the smallest injury, and lay them before you on the table; and when you desire it, I will replace them as perfect and serviceable as they were before. If, in like manner, you can perform this, we will be then esteemed equal, and walk as brethren through the world. But, remember, he who fails in the attempt shall become the servant of the other.' 'I am well pleased' returned his fellow, 'do as you say.' Whereupon he who made the proposition took out his instruments and extracted the eyes, besmearing the sockets and the outer part of the lids with a certain rich ointment. 'My dear friend,' said he, 'what do you perceive?' 'Of a surety,' cried the other, 'I see nothing. I want the use of my eyes, but I feel no pain from their loss. I pray you, however, restore them to their places as you promised.' 'Willingly,' said his friend. He again touched the inner and outer part of the lids with the ointment, and

then, with much precision, inserted the balls into their sockets. 'How do you see now?' asked he. 'Excellently,' returned the other, 'nor do I feel the least pain.' 'Well, then,' continued the first, 'it now remains for you to treat me in a similar manner.' 'I am ready,' said the latter. And accordingly taking the instruments, as the first had done, he smeared the upper and under parts of the eye with a peculiar ointment, drew out the eyes and placed them upon the table. The patient felt no pain; but added, 'I wish you would hasten to restore them.' The operator cheerfully complied; but as he prepared his implements, a crow entered by an open window, and seeing the eyes upon the table, snatched one of them up and flew away with it. The physician, vexed at what had happened, said to himself, 'If I do not restore the eye to my companion, I must become his slave.' At that moment a goat, browsing at no great distance, attracted his observation. Instantly he ran to it, drew out one of its eyes, and put it into the place of the lost orb. 'My dear friend,' exclaimed the operator, 'how do things appear to you?' 'Neither in extracting or in replacing,' he answered, 'did I suffer the least pain; but—bless me!—one eye looks up to the trees!' 'Ah!' replied the first, 'this is the very perfection of medicine. Neither of us is superior; henceforward we will be friends, as we are equals! and banish far off that spirit of contention which has destroyed our peace.' The goat-eyed man of physic acquiesced; they lived from this time in the greatest amity.

APPLICATION.

"My beloved, the two physicians are the new and the old law. Thus the Jews and Christians contend: the extracted eyes, denote those parts of the old law which Christians retain. The crow is the devil; and the goat's eye typifies those ceremonies of the Jews to which they attach so much importance, and by which they are not able to discern the truth.

OF THE COMPUNCTIONS OF A FAITHFUL MIND.

A certain king had a beautiful and wise daughter, whom he was desirous of marrying. But she had sworn never to unite herself with any but upon three conditions. First, he was to state accurately and succinctly how many feet there were in the length, breadth, and depth of the four elements. Secondly, what would change the north wind. And thirdly, by what means fire might be carried in the bosom without injury. When the king, therefore, understood his daughter's resolution, he proclaimed it through the kingdom, and promised to give her in marriage to whomsoever performed the conditions. Many endeavoured, but failed; until at length a certain soldier from foreign parts heard of the girl's oath. He hastened to the place conveying with him a single attendant, and an extremely fiery horse. On being admitted into the king's presence, he said, 'I am desirous of espousing your majesty's daughter, and I am prepared to solve the questions which have been proposed.' The king assented, and the soldier calling his servant, commanded him to lie upon the earth. And when he was thus laid, his master measured his length from one extremity to the other. When he had done this he said to the king, 'My lord, your first question is resolved; I find in the four elements scarcely seven feet.' 'How?' replied the king, 'What has this to do with the four elements?' 'My lord,' answered the soldier, 'every man as well as every animal is composed of the four elements.' 'Amen,' said the king, 'you have proved this very satisfactorily.' Now then for the second condition, which is to change the wind.' Immediately he caused his horse to be brought into the area of the court, and there administered a potion by which the animal was made perfectly quiet. This done, he turned his horse's head toward the East, and said, 'Observe, my lord, the wind is changed from North to East.' 'How?' answered the king, 'what is this to

the wind?' 'Sire,' returned the soldier, 'is it not obvious to your wisdom that the life of every animal consists in his breath, which is air? As long as he remained toward the North, he raged fiercely, and his snorting was excessive. But when I had given him the potion and he turned toward the East, he became quiet and breathed less, and in a different direction; wherefore, the *wind is changed*.' 'This also,' said the king, 'you have well proved; go on to the third.' 'My lord,' replied the soldier, 'this, so please you, I will perform before all your court.' Then, taking up a handful of burning coals, he deposited them in his bosom, without injury to his flesh. 'Truly,' exclaimed the king, 'you have done very well in these matters: but tell me, how happens it that you are unhurt by the fire.' 'It was not,' returned the soldier, 'by any power of my own, but by virtue of a singular stone, which I always carry about with me. And whosoever possesses this stone is able to resist the hottest fire.' The king, satisfied that the conditions had been accurately complied with, gave orders for his marriage with the lady. He loaded him with riches and honours, and they both ended their days in the greatest happiness.

APPLICATION.

My beloved, the king is our Lord Jesus Christ. The daughter is the human soul. To measure the elements, is to subdue the lusts of the flesh. The fiery horse is any sinner, whom repentance changes. The fire in the bosom is luxury, pride, avarice, &c. and the stone is a true and lively faith in Christ."

Mr. Swan has executed his task in a most creditable manner; the notes contain much information; and a very well written discussion precedes the Tales, though we cannot yield our conviction to all its arguments.

THE POET'S SUPPER.

Mr. Benjamin Briggs, the junior partner of a thriving Manchester warehouse in the City, had an unfortunate propensity for tagging rhimes when he ought to have been examining piece-goods, knew much more of metaphors than muslins, arranged a distich with more interest than a diaper, and debased his faculties to tropes and similes, instead of giving up the whole force of his imagination to calicos and cottons. Upon the disease first manifesting itself, his seniors gave him the best advice, warned him of the dismal consequences that would inevitably ensue, if he suffered it to get a head, formally declared that the credit of their house would not allow them to retain any person convicted of so uncivic and anti-commercial an offence, and announced their intention of dissolving the partnership if he abandoned himself any longer to such idle courses. Prudence dictated a seeming submission, but nothing was further from his thoughts than a final renunciation of the Muse. He stole at intervals from the counting-house to Castalia, mounted Pegasus instead of his pulpit-desk, and absconded from the worship of Mammon to pay his secret adorations at the the shrine of Apollo. The constraint to which he was subjected at home only made him the more communicable abroad.—He laboured under a perfect incontinence of poetry, pouring his stanzas into every ear of which he could get possession, with such an unremitting copiousness, that his friends took alarm at his approach, and if they could not escape him altogether, generally forged some excuse for cutting him short in the midst of a most inimitable ode, or the very first scene of the most touching tragedy. Some he would slily draw aside upon 'Change under pretext of business, and make the blushing statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, or old Guy, privy to his inappropriate rhimes; others he would inveigle into an untenanted upper box at the play; and just as the ghost of Hamlet was describing how his murderer "poured juice of cursed hemlock in his ear," he would distil his own not less unwelcome strophes into his victim's auricle; while some, again, he would

lure away on a Sunday from the Park-promenade into the most lonely recesses of Kensington-Gardens; when to their great horror and amasement, he would suddenly draw a tragedy from his pocket and discharge the whole of its contents at their head.

All these expedients being exhausted, and a regular audience becoming utterly hopeless, he at last hit upon the unhappy suggestion of inviting a few acquaintance of approved literary taste to sup with him at his lodgings in Wych-Street, when he might, as a fair set-off for his lobsters, oysters, punch, and port wine, demand their opinions upon a poem which he meant to offer to the Royal Literary Society, in hopes of obtaining the Fifty-Guinea prize. "As to attempting to write any thing," said Benjamin to his assembled guests, "upon such a subject as Dartmoor, which was the first they held out to public competition, I could not have bowed my genius to such a drudgery; you all know, gentlemen, what a blundering business was made of the second proposition, the Fall of Constantinople and Death of Constantine; but I have now submitted to their adoption a noble theme—the Capture of Rome by Alaric the Destroyer, and, in the anticipation that they might select it, I have already composed a few hundred lines, upon which I wished you to do me the kindness of offering your remarks with all the freedom and judgment which I may reasonably expect from such approved friends and competent critics." Here he drew a large roll of paper from his coat-pocket, and a blank dismay instantly took possession of every face around him. Each saw the trap into which he had fallen, and each exerted himself to avert the threatened calamity. "My dear Sir," exclaimed Mr. Jibe, "this is so kind of you—I am sure I may answer for all present," (here he thrust his tongue into the cheek which was towards the company, and gave that side of his face a most lugubrious drag,) "that we are perfectly delighted at the opportunity of hearing any of your exquisite verses; but had you not better defer the reading for an hour or so, till the supper things are removed—till we have finished another bottle—till ——." "In fact," interrupted Mr. Quill, "our worthy host evidently labours under so severe a cold, attended with a considerable oppression upon his chest, that I should submit the propriety of his deferring altogether, till a more favourable opportunity, the intellectual treat which he has been so good as to propose."—"O, certainly, certainly," cried the rest of the party; "it would really be an imposition on our host's kindness—happy to take a glass of wine with you, Mr. Briggs—this salad's excellent—capital lobster—famous punch—any one seen the Diorama?—did you go to the new farce last night?"—"Very considerate of you," replied the Poet; "I certainly have a little cold, and we will therefore defer the complete reading till another opportunity; but in the mean time you must allow me just to recite a few select specimens, that you may form some notion of my plan." Objections, pleas, and rejoinders were urged in vain; the inexorable bard unfolded his scroll, and after two or three preliminary hems' proceeded to developc the system upon which it was composed.

"It was my original intention, Gentlemen, to have written in blank verse; but I was alarmed by encountering the dictum of Dr. Johnson, limiting the mode of composition to such as think themselves capable of astonishing, while those who hope only to please must condescend to rhyme."—"There would have been no doubt of your astonishing," interrupted Mr. Jibe, "had you thought proper to adopt that metre; you are really too modest." Mr. Briggs bowed, and proceeded,—"I was moreover anxious to try upon a more enlarged scale than Pope, who, by the way, has egregiously failed, the principle of imitative harmony, of making the sound an echo to the sense, and of introducing a more general resemblance between the vocal sign and the thing signified, which I proposed

to accomplish as much by changing the construction of the metre, as by the choice of expressive words. There can be no doubt that, in the origin of language, all terms bore some affinity to what they represented; there could have been no other mode or motive of selection in the infancy of the world than in that of individuals.

"It is true that ideas do not admit of an exact echo———"—"Which, however, is no loss to *you*," interrupted Mr. Jibe. "Oh, none whatever," resumed Briggs, not perceiving the sneer that was conveyed, "since, if we admit that

'Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no rules can teach,'

it may be sufficient to remind you, that Handel contrived to express accurately upon the organ that sublime command—'God said, Let there be light, and there was light;' and composed one of the Psalms with so happy a precision, that every separate verse was distinctly recognizable. I see, however, that you are impatient for a specimen of my poem, and I will therefore recite a few lines from the introduction, the metre of which is intended to represent the bustle and animation of a siege.

Now Alaric's standards are proudly unfurl'd
Round the seven-hill'd city, once queen of the world;
The siege is close press'd—round the ramparts are pour'd,
Gigantic and grim, a barbarian horde,
Who scowl on the grandeur of Rome, with amaze,
And on palaces, castles, and fanes as they gaze,
In her strength and her beauty they bid her not trust,
For her turreted head shall be dragg'd in the dust.
But the Romans, confiding in Bulwarks and Gods,
Not an obol is caring for enemies' odds,
Think the battering-ram a ridiculous flam,
An assault a mere hoax, and a capture a sham.
So theygiggle and laugh, dance, revel, and quaff,
As, for sacrifice meant, does a garlanded calf."

—"Fine! beautiful! exquisite!" ejaculated several voices at once. "Do you observe the effect of the lively metre when I come to express the besotted citizens?—'So they giggle and laugh, dance, revel, and quaff,'—Does that strike you?"—"Oh, inimitable!—an inimitable imitation!" exclaimed Mr. Jibe.

"This is nothing," resumed the minstrel, "nothing whatever to my description of the clash of swords, the clank of armour, the rolling of the machines, the groans of the wounded, the cymbals and shouts of the victors. Talk of music—of the Siege of Belgrade, or Steibelt's Storm! I will give any man one of Tomkison's grand pianos with three pedals, and will undertake to beat him by language alone, so stimulating the imagination through the ear, that the whole scene shall become as visible to the eye as if I had painted it upon a white wall. I do paint in fact, only dipping my tongue in picturesque words instead of my brush in representative colours—that's the whole secret! But you shall hear the effect of my explosion when Alaric sets fire to the train of gunpowder."

"Gunpowder!" ejaculated several voices at once; "surely that's an anachronism: have you not got the start of Friar Bacon some five hundred years or so? and will not the critics blow you up with your own combustibles?"—"I little thought," replied Briggs with a complacent smile, "that such a company, 'fit audience though few,' would have forgotten that Milton introduces artillery some thousands of years sooner."—"Egad," quoth Jibe, "so he does, and Alaric doubtless took the hint from the blind bard. You see, gentlemen, 'it is not Homer nods, but we that dream.' Now for the explosion, but prythee have mercy upon our persons."

"Pray observe," resumed the Poet,

"the gradual rolling down of the thick walls, the *écroulement*, as the French call it—

"The ponderous walls that circum-rock—

(how do you like that compound epithet to express rocky solidity?)

The ponderous walls that *circum-rock* the town,
Slow crumbling, stumbling, tumbling, rumble jumble down."

Now mark the difference when a lofty tower falls with a sudden velocity and clatter.

Heaved by the writhing earth the towers creak, crack,
Then with a crash slap-dash, smack helter-skelter whack!

The tide of risibility which now "burst its contents," overwhelmed the astonished bard. In vain did he attempt to proceed; every effort was quashed by a quotation of his own last line, repeated in every possible variety of accent, gesture, and intonation; and when Jibe procured a momentary silence, he undertook the defence of his friend with an irony so serious in appearance, and at the same time so ludicrous in intention and effect, that the merriment became more obstreperous than ever. As their host repeatedly emptied his glass in the heat of his poetical furor, some of his company as regularly re-filled it, until he alternately hugged his defender with a maudlin fondness, and hurled defiance at the others with all the vociferation of an irritated and punch inflamed poet. Jibe fostered his animosity by burlesquely arraigning the bad taste and delinquency of his assailants, and a scene ensued upon which we deem it prudent to drop the curtain, contenting ourselves with stating, in the concluding lines of a well-known song,—

"Then a quarrel arose, some reflections were cast,
But for decency's sake we'll not mention what past.
Derry down, down, down, derry down."

THE WIND.

The Wind has a language I would I could learn:
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern,
—Sometimes it comes like a low sweet song,
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along,
And the forest is lull'd by the dreamy strain,
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main,
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.
Sometimes, when Autumn grows yellow and sear,
And the sad clouds weep for the dying year,
It comes like a wizard, and mutters its spell,
—I would that the magical tones I might tell—
And it beckons the leaves with its viewless hand,
And they leap from the branches at its command,
And follow its footsteps with wheeling feet,
Like fairies that dance in the moonlight sweet.
Sometimes it comes in the wintery night,
And I hear the flap of its pinions of might,
And I see the flash of its withering eye,
As it looks from the thunder-cloud sailing on high,
And pauses to gather its fearful breath,
And lifts up its voice, like the angel of death,—
And the billows leap up, when the summons they hear,
And the ship flies away, as if winged with fear,
And the uncouth creatures that dwell in the deep,
Start up at the sound from the floating sleep,
And career through the waters, like clouds through the night,
To share in the tumult their joy and delight,—
And when the moon rises the ship is no more,
Its joys and its sorrows are vanquished and o'er,
And the fierce storm that slew it has faded away,
Like the dark dream that flies from the light of the day.